Pard,or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Lyſander and Hermia.

*Lyſ.*Faire loue,you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'l reſt vs *Hermia*,if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
*Her.*Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.
*Lyſ.*One turffe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart,one bed,two boſomes,and one troth.
*Her.*Nay good *Lyſander*,for my ſake my deare
Lie further off yet,do not lie ſo neere.
*Lyſ.*O take the ſence ſweete,of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning,in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it.
Two boſomes interchained with an oath,
So then two boſomes,and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide,no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*,I do not lye.
Her.Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay,*Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend,for loue and courteſie
Lie further off,in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation,as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchellor,and a maide,
So farre be diſtant,and good night ſweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter till thy ſweete life ende.
*Lyſ.*Amen,amen,to that faire praier, ſay I,
And then end life,when I end loialty:
Heere is my bed,ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.

Her.

*Her.*With halfe that wiſh,the wiſhers eyes be preſt

Enter Pucke.

*Puck.*Through the Forreſt haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
On whoſe eies I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
VVeedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping ſound,
On the danke and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoule,ſhe durſt not lye
Neere this lack-loue,this kill-curteſie.
Churle,vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
VVhen thou wak'ſt,let loue forbid
Sleepe his ſeate,on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

*Hel.*Stay,though thou kill me,ſweete *Demetrius*.
*De.*I charge thee hence,and do not haunt me thus.
*Hel.*O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not ſo.
*De.*Stay on thy perill,I alone will goe.
*Hel.*O I am out of breath,in this fond chaſe,
The more my praier,the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*,whereſoere ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo,my eies are oftner waſht then hers.
No,no, I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beaſts that meete me,runne away for feare,
Therefore no marualle,though *Demetrius*
Do as a monſter, flie my preſence thus.

V